Come shall wee goe along?

Enter Sir Richard Ratliffe, with the Lord Riuers Gray and Vaughan, prisoners,

Rat. Come bring forth the prisoners.

Riu. Sir Richard *Ratliffe*, let me tell thee this:
To day thou shalt be head a innocent die,
For truth for duty and for loyalty.

Gray. God keepe the Prince from all the packe of you:
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Riu. O *Pomfret*, *Pomfret*. O thou bloody prison,
Fatall and ominous to noble Peares:
Within the guilty closure of thy walles
Richard the second heere was hackt to death:
And for more slaunder to thy dismall soule,
We giue thee vp our guiltlesse blood to drinke.

Gray. Now *Margrets* curse it falne vpon our heads,
For standing by, when *Richard* stabd her sonne.

Riu. Then curst she *Hastings*, then curst she *Buckingham*,
Then curst she *Richard*. O remember God,
To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,
And for my sister and her princely sonne:
Be satisfied deare God with our true bloods.
Which as thou knowest vniustly must be spilt.

Rat. Come, come, dispatch, the limit of your liues is out.

Riu. Come *Gray*, come *Vaugham*, let vs all imbrace
And take our leaues vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to counsell.

Hast. My Lords at once, the cause why wee are met,
Is to determine of the Coronation.
In Gods name say when is this royall day?

Buc. Are all things fitting for that royall time?

Dar. It is, and let but nomination.

Bish. To morrow then, I gesse a happy time.

Buc. Who knowes the Lord *Protectors* minde herein?
Who is most inward with the noble Duke? his mind

Bish. Why you my L. me thinks you should soonest know

Buc. Who I my Lord? we know each others faces:
But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine,

Lord

Lord *Hastings*, you and h
Hast. I thanke his grace
But for his purpose in the
I haue not sounded him, n
His graces pleasure any w
But you my L. may nam
And in the Dukes behalf
Which I presume he will
Bish. Now in good time
Ent
Glo. My noble L. and c
I haue beene long a sleepe
My absence doth neglect
Which by my presence r
Buc. Had not you come
William L. *Hastings* had
I meane your voyce from
Glo. Then my L. *Hasti*
His Lordship knowes me
Hast. I thanke your gra
Glo. My Lord of *Elie*,
Bish. My Lord.
Glo. When I was last in
I saw good strawberies in
I doe beseech you send fo
Bish. I goe my Lord.
Glo. Cousen *Buckingha*
Catesby hath sounded *Ha*
And findes the testy gentle
As he will loose his head er
His maisters sonne as we
Shall loose the royalty of
Buc. Withdraw you hen
Dar. We haue not yet se
To morrow in mine opini
For I my selfe am not so
As else I would be, were
Enter the Bish
Bish. Where is my L. *P*